

Pimping Gareth by Kyarorain

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Summary:

It really isn't such a bad life for Gareth, being a pimp. Not at first, anyway.

Pimping Gareth

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Okay, this is something very strange and absurd I wrote up when thinking about who would be most likely to be a pimp.

Mild OOC, and not much of a plot.

Camelot owns Golden Sun.

Garet sat back on his plush, purple-lined chair, sighing happily as he sank into its satin exterior. On his desk, piles of gold coins glittered before his eyes. He looked appreciatively at his cash while twiddling one of the many rings on his fingers. Gareth was spending yet another night at the abandoned shack where he ran his super secret business in Vale. Or at least, super secret until his parents found out. Then it wouldn't even exist anymore.

"Looking good, Gareth," Mia said, approaching the desk. She was wearing her Imilian robes as she hadn't yet changed. "So, do you think Isaac will be coming tonight?" She looked around as if expecting to see Isaac lurking in a corner, which he wasn't.

"Why, thank you, I am looking good, aren't I?" Gareth said smugly, looking down at his expensive hot pink suit with a black shirt. A large gold chain dangled from his neck, a round coin hanging at the end. A massive 'G' was

emblazoned into it. He sniffed, inhaling the cologne that he had sprayed on. For a second, he wondered why he was bothering to look and smell his best when he wasn't getting any action. "Isaac hasn't said anything. But I think Kraden might be coming."

Mia shot him a venomous look which caused him to shake in his boots. "Are you kidding? It's bad enough we get paid for loaning our bodies. Who in their right mind would sleep with Kraden?"

"My grandmother," Gareth said simply. "She's quite smitten with Kraden. In fact, I think she's hoping my grandfather might pop his clogs soon." He gazed sadly at the floor.

Mia was quite simply appalled. "Anyway, I'll just go change now. Thanks for the slutty clothes, by the way."

A few minutes later, as Gareth was sipping from his glass of champagne, Kraden walked into the building. Gareth looked warily at him, fully prepared to refuse any service. The thought of Kraden getting some horrified him, let alone with his own grandmother. He shuddered at the thought and looked pleasantly at Kraden. "Hey, Kraden. I think you're in the wrong house."

"Erm..." Kraden licked his lips nervously. "I hope your family will be having me over for dinner again. That roast chicken the other night was simply impeccable. Your mother is truly a great cook."

Gareth narrowed his eyes suspiciously. Kraden had seemed more interested in his grandmother than the food. How the Mayor had not yet noticed this, Gareth had no idea. But then again, his grandfather hadn't been the one to witness the two old people kissing behind the house. Gareth shuddered at

the memory. "Well, actually, we're fully booked for the whole week."

Kraden stared at him quizzically. "Er, well, anyway, this seems to be a house where people do certain things. I don't suppose your grandmother and I could come and do it here in secret sometime?"

"No!" Gareth exclaimed. "There's no way you or my grandmother would be allowed in here!"

"But you let your sister in here," Kraden protested.

"Well, it helps that Kay is not past it," Gareth said loudly, his face burning. If his mother or father ever discovered he was letting his sister work in a place like this, he would be grounded for an entire year.

"Did someone say my name?" Kay stood at the door leading out of the women's lounge, leaning against the side and lifting her leg, showing off her curves. Gareth looked at her, shuddered in disgust and looked away. Why did she have to pick the sluttiest outfit every time? If this kept up, his eyeballs would be nothing but shrivelled husks.

"Oh, boy!" Kraden exclaimed, staring at her in amazement. "You definitely take after your grandmother."

Gareth twitched, waiting for Kraden to stop staring at her. Kay wrinkled her nose in disgust and backed out of sight. Kraden was still gazing ahead, his feet automatically carrying him toward the lounge. Finally, the temperamental Mars Adept jumped up and shouted, "That's enough! Get out of here, you old fart!"

"Why, Gareth, that was uncalled for," Kraden tutted. "In my day, young whippersnappers like you were taught to listen

to their elders and such rude behaviour would immediately be punished. In fact..."

Garet stared morosely at his glass of champagne as he slumped back into his seat. Now he'd gone and triggered a lecture. How could his grandmother see anything in a man who never shut his mouth? He glumly refilled his glass and drank it quickly, hoping if he got drunk enough, he would faint and Kraden would leave. Responsibility was not his strong point after all.

An hour later, when Mia brought Garet back from near death after he choked on his vomit, the place was closed for the night and Garet stomped back home. Being a pimp sure wasn't fun.

"Oh no," Jenna sighed in disappointment as she turned over her purse and frantically shook it. All that came out was a ball of dust, several crumpled pieces of paper and a peanut. "I'm out of cash again!"

"Again?" Sheba looked at her in exasperation. She stomped over to Jenna's closet and pulled it open, discovering that it was bursting full of expensive dresses. "You went shopping, didn't you?"

"Yes," Jenna admitted guiltily. "I forgot Felix's birthday was coming up and I need to buy him a present. This is terrible! Sheba, do you have any cash?"

"No, sorry," Sheba replied, shaking her head. "But if I go to Lalivero, maybe they will give me some expensive stuff. You just might never see me again."

"This sucks," Jenna said grumpily, dropping her purse. "I need some cash fast. Hmm... I wonder if I'm desperate enough." She went over to sit on her bed, a deeply thoughtful look on her face.

"Desperate enough for what?" Sheba sat next to her, her emerald eyes wide with curiosity. What could possibly have Jenna looking so concerned?

"Well, Gareth's running this place," Jenna said. She broke off and stared at Sheba. Was it really okay to destroy the innocence she might still have? "Um, you can get paid for things there. It's a secret place, only certain people know what's going on there."

"Oh, right," Sheba said. "Wait, they don't get paid for doing it, do they?"

Jenna stared at her in shock, struck dumb. Barely fifteen and saying such things!

"Oh, come on." Sheba let out a small laugh. "Tolbi's full of those kind of people. I saw some woman that looked absolutely ridiculous one evening and I asked the soldier who was with me at the time why she looked like that. He told me all about... that kind of stuff."

"I hope he's suffering for destroying the innocence of barely pubescent teens," Jenna muttered. "Anyway, yes, Gareth's place... they do that stuff there."

"Jenna, you would seriously lower yourself to that level?" Sheba exclaimed. "Just to get Felix a birthday present?"

"Hey, they get paid loads!" Jenna protested. "Have you seen the jewellery Kay has been wearing? And I'd only do a good

looking guy. Just once. I don't see what's so bad about it. It's not like they are jumping into bed with Kraden."

"Ew," Sheba said, shuddering. "Thanks for that image!" She rose from the bed, shaking her head. "Well... I won't judge, but you'd better not let Felix find out. He'll beat Gareth to a pulp."

"I'll get him a very good present," Jenna said. "It will be fine."

"Whatever," Sheba said, shaking her head. "Anyway, I'm going back to the inn. See you tomorrow." She headed out of the room, feeling quite disturbed.

The next day, well into the afternoon, Felix stood in front of the decrepit shack that was Gareth's very secret brothel. The Venus Adept was having a bit of a struggle with his morals and whether he could actually do this.

He couldn't imagine going up to Gareth and asking to do someone. Why was he even so desperate to do it? Well, he had the cash, little knowing his sister was so desperate for it himself, and after learning that certain friends of his had already done the deed, he was feeling a little left out.

There weren't even that many choices left for him in Vale, and nobody he really wanted a long term relationship with. Well, maybe Sheba, but he couldn't see her jumping into the sack with him. Not for a few years.

So that just left this place. But to be seen in this kind of place...

Then it occurred to him to wear a disguise. Felix figured nobody would know it was him. He would just wear a mask. And yes, during the process too. Maybe a hood for extra security. His hairstyle could give him away.

Garet was sitting at the desk, drinking water with a sour expression on his face. After last night, Mia had confiscated everything alcoholic in here, told his family about his near death experience and now he was banned from drinking alcohol. How could Isaac stand shacking up with such a bossy girl?

Garet looked up as a hooded figure walked in, a mask covering his face. He frowned, quite surprised at the disguise, but figured some people would be ashamed of doing a prostitute and want to keep it secret, so he shrugged it off and smiled at his mysterious customer.

"So, what can I do for you this fine afternoon?" Garet asked. "Looking for a lady?"

"Uh..." Felix coughed and attempted to make his voice slightly higher. He couldn't risk Garet recognising his voice. "Yeah. I'll pay."

"Of course you'll pay," Garet said. "Nobody would just do a random guy for nothing. I wish someone would do me but..."

"Please keep things like that to yourself," Felix said stiffly.

"Hey, who's running this joint, you or me?" Garet demanded. "Who are you anyway?"

"Not telling," replied Felix.

"Yeah, that would explain the mask," Garet said, standing up. "Okay, I'll get one of the girls. Just wait there."

Felix waited patiently as Gareth walked into the lounge. Then Gareth came back out, leading Jenna in a slutty outfit. Felix choked and almost died right on the spot as his eyes burned at the sight of Jenna wearing skimpy clothes.

"Here you go," Gareth said, pushing Jenna forward.

"Gareth, the guy's wearing a mask!" Jenna snapped, turning around to glare at Gareth. "I told you I was only going to do this once with a hot guy! How can I tell if he's good looking or not if he's wearing a mask?"

"Hey, you do have a point," Gareth said, shooting a look at Felix, who was currently rendered speechless from shock. "Hey, you, you aren't doing anyone unless you take that damn mask off. How do we know you're not some old guy?"

Felix gritted his teeth. Gareth was daring to pimp out his sister and actually give him orders as well? How could Jenna be doing this? Though she'd said she was only doing this once. But it was still wrong!

Then it occurred to him he was a hypocrite. Felix sighed and pushed back the hood, deciding he might as well face the shame. Then he would slaughter Gareth. He took off the mask and gave Gareth a very angry stare.

"Felix?" Jenna almost screamed. "What are you doing in a place like this? Uh oh... er... this isn't what it looks like..."

"Oh, shoot..." Gareth backed away. "This was why I didn't want to hire you in the first place, Jenna!" He'd only agreed to when Jenna said he could put his hands up her top after she was done.

"What the hell?" Felix suddenly burst out. "Jenna, why are you doing this? Gareth, I'm going to talk to you later. Don't

think you can get out of it."

"It's just once," Jenna said in a tiny voice. "I... really need the cash. I spent too much again and... I wanted to buy a birthday present for you and... well... Gareth doesn't really want me in here anyway... but I swear I haven't done anything yet."

"You wanted to do this just to get me a present?" Felix asked incredulously.

"Well, that... and maybe some nice jewellery... and a new dress..." Jenna said, looking even more guilty. "I think I'm addicted to shopping. Oh... I'm going to go and get changed while you talk to Gareth."

"Yeah, you do that," Felix said. Jenna hurried away into the lounge.

"Meep..." Gareth was currently falling to his knees and scrambling under the desk. Felix frowned and walked around the desk, sitting on the chair.

"That is a really pathetic attempt to hide from me," Felix said, leaning forward.

"Hey... if I give Jenna all that cash sitting on my desk... and I close this place down... will you forgive me?" Gareth asked.

"Well... you don't need to close the place down," Felix said finally. Maybe he would like to come here again sometime. "But, yes, give Jenna your cash. And don't let her in here again."

"I won't, I swear!" Gareth whimpered.

"Good," Felix said, getting up. When Jenna returned, in her normal clothes again, he told her she could take Gareth's cash. Gareth moaned once they had left, looking tearfully at his desk, completely clear of money.

"This really bites!" Gareth yelled. "Why did I even want to be a pimp in the first place?"

"Hey, Gareth," Mia said, walking up to the desk, wearing her normal clothes. "I think I'm going to drop out."

"Huh?" Gareth asked.

"Well, I don't really want to do anyone but Isaac," Mia admitted. "And we're living together in a relationship. I just wanted money to help us along a bit... well, I think we're doing fine now and I don't really want to do this anymore."

"But... Mia... well, fine," Gareth said, looking annoyed. "Maybe I can go back to drinking champagne."

"I won't be here to save you if you choke," Mia said warningly. "Well, see you later."

Gareth sighed again. Then remembered he couldn't even afford champagne anymore. Besides, he was getting a little tired of being a pimp. It was boring sitting here all day.

"I quit," Gareth announced, getting up. He couldn't see the point of doing this anymore. Gareth walked into the lounge, where a few girls were sitting, drinking and talking. "All right, all of you. Get dressed and clear off. I'm taking the whole thing down."

Kay wasn't too impressed about losing her main source of income. So she promptly told the entire family about Gareth's

shady business he had been running for the past few weeks. Gareth ended up grounded for two months.

Things didn't seem too bad though. According to Sheba, there were lots of pimps in Tolbi. Maybe in the future, if he wanted to do it professionally...